

## LATE IN THE SEASON

tomatoes lining the windowsills,  
the counter between the kitchen  
and the room which leads to the  
mud room, and even on the table,  
around the lamp and the single  
small cactus that's there.

they are from my father's  
garden, and which i picked today  
while visiting him and my mother.

i especially like this  
period in a garden's life:  
it is late in the season  
and the garden is winding  
down, you'd have to say, yet  
it is also wildly bulging  
with tomatoes, and string  
beans are taken away  
in bags. arugula

and potatoes are  
crowding into every  
meal. there's no end  
to the garlic, shallots  
and onions. today  
my father was tilling  
under a row that had  
been planted with rye.  
the rye had been  
planted not only for  
adding nutrients  
to the soil, but  
also as food for  
the worms.  
it's not seldom  
that you'll hear him  
boasting  
about the  
fatness of  
his worms.

## DINNER

for dinner we had arugula  
and potatoes with pasta,  
made with olive oil,  
garlic and herbs.  
of course the beautiful  
salad and the peasant  
bread were there.  
while my mother  
was preparing the  
dinner i  
talked with her  
about my week.  
she doesn't say  
much when she's  
working with food.  
she gets lost  
in her world.  
and she appears  
so small  
at the stove.  
her hair is  
wispy and white,  
and it looks  
as though it  
is going to  
float away.  
if she does  
say something,  
she says it  
to whatever  
she's holding  
in her hand.